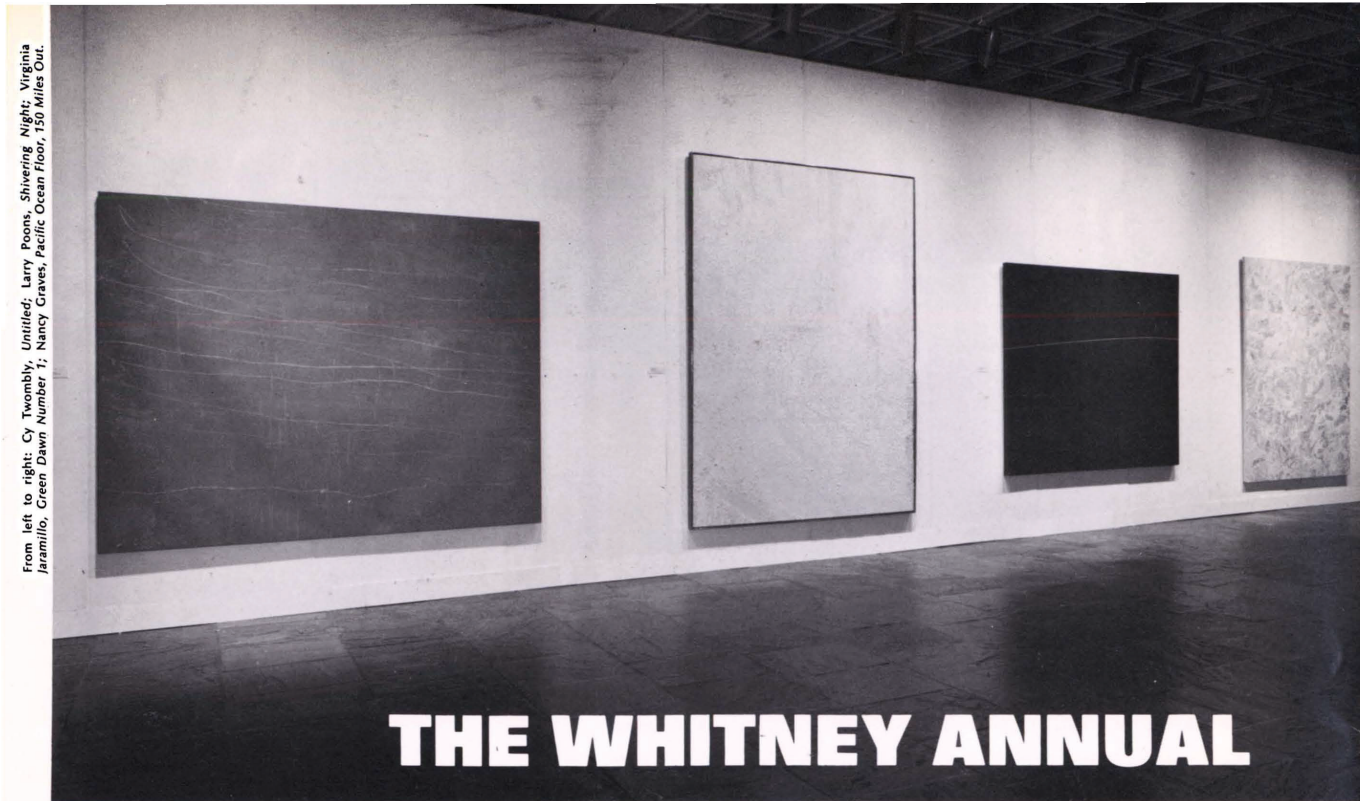


VIRGINIA JARAMILLO

Carter Ratcliff, *The Whitney Annual*, Part I and II
Artforum, April and May 1972



From left to right: Cy Twombly, *Untitled*; Larry Poons, *Shivering*; Night; Virginia Jaramillo, *Green Dawn Number 1*; Nancy Graves, *Pacific Ocean Floor, 150 Miles Out*.

THE WHITNEY ANNUAL

CARTER RATCLIFF

The elevator doors slide open. It's not really like a curtain going up, but it does provide the only well-thought-out moment of curatorial theater in the entire show: the first glimpse of a four-paneled "work" in which Cy Twombly, Larry Poons, Virginia Jaramillo, and Nancy Graves are jumbled together to strike this year's keynote—which they do, more or less. Twombly reaches back to the '50s, coming to rest (for curatorial purposes) somewhere near the end of the '60s. He's the "old" old-timer, Poons the "young" one who pushes the '60s up to the present. Graves, the aging rookie, is there to imply a future based on solid beginnings, and Jaramillo, the fresh rookie, stands for the unknown quantities intended to give this show its real buzz.

All except Jaramillo are interested in getting out from under traditional composition — yet, brought together this way, their paintings form a composition of the most tedious sort. Beginning at the left with Twombly's soft gray, nonchalantly scribbled canvas, the line of this curatorial "work" veers upward with Poons' high-keyed bravura. It peaks to the right of center with Jaramillo's first appearance, sharp, contrasty,

"classy," and then turns down with Graves' neopointillist surface, high-keyed but softer than Poons' cracked one. This imaginary line is counterpointed: there are two men and two women; Twombly and Jaramillo are linear and slick, while the other two are rough; Poons and Twombly show the master's touch, while the women avoid it. The canvas by aging rookie Graves has its superficial resemblance to some by Peter Young. He is a "young" old-timer like Poons, and this brings the compositional line to rest, giving its fourth segment an echoed equivalence to its second.

For this curatorial "work" to be assembled, each of the four paintings in it had to be generalized out of its individuality — that is, dismantled into formal and historical fragments, some of which are made to serve, the rest ignored. This is most damaging for Jaramillo. Her green line on its purple ground is a pretty close approximation of the line of the curatorial "work" itself, but this (outrageous) meaning has of course been imposed by the context, how consciously it isn't necessary to know. The deliberateness with which painters' intentions are ignored, even defied, in the presentation of this

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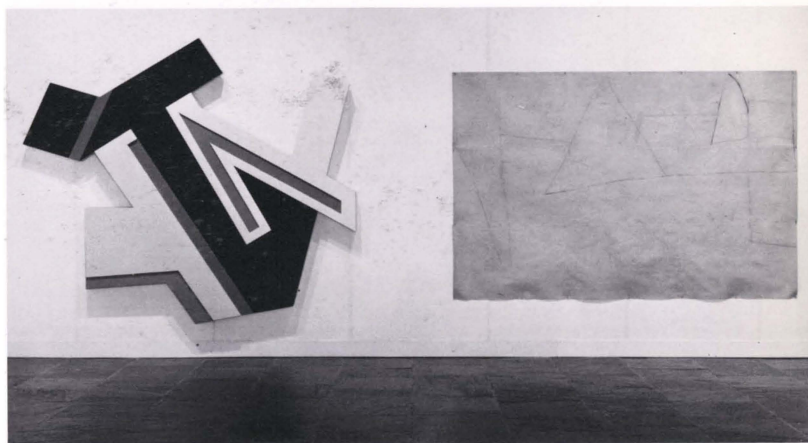
PART I

An Extravaganza of Curatorial Creations

show could belong to unformulated bureaucratic instinct, to fully enunciated — but unrevealed — policy, or to a combination of both. The last is most probable, but after all it isn't important to decide: the deliberateness is the point. The responsibility for it rests with the curators who selected the paintings, James Monte, Marcia Tucker, and Richard Doty.

As I said, Jaramillo is made to stand for the unknown future. This is too much strain for her painting to bear, with its hard-edged, mid-'60s look. One assumes that from the curatorial point of view the strain is borne by the extra-artistic fact that Jaramillo is appearing here for the first time. It's an honor, of sorts, to be onstage when the curtain goes up, but it's also a denial that she has any intentions of her own. Graves doesn't stand up to these compositional pressures much better than Jaramillo does. Poons and Twombly do all right, considering they had no chance to anticipate the problem.

This composing goes on throughout the show, but nowhere else do the curators create a "work" with the internal coherence of the keynote piece. In the four-part assemblage centered on Darby Bannard, the compositional theme is rectangular



Frank Stella, *Jablonow III*; Peter Plagens, *Confessions of a Fellatrix*.

shape — and the effect is blinding irrelevance. It's true that Jim Sullivan, Richard Anuszkiewicz, and Bannard use vertical rectangles in the paintings hung together here. And it's true that these various usages could be illuminated by certain juxtapositions — I'd like to see this year's Bannard next to this year's Bolotowsky — but juxtaposition works in the event only to abstract a simpleminded notion of *rectangular* and *vertical* from paintings whose connections to each other are at best tangential. Sullivan's scraped rectangles, Bannard's carefully balanced ones, and Anuszkiewicz' mechanical repetitions of the edge offer each other very little mutual clarification. A play of imposition and evasion occurs in this portion of the "work." The curatorial thematics only trivialize form.

There are plenty of other abstractions containing rectangles in this show. Any one of them could have been substituted for any one of these without any loss or gain in meaninglessness. This particular incoherence has been presented because the slack in its theme based on shape is taken up by a historical progression based on color: from Anuszkiewicz' Op to Bannard's field color, and on to Sullivan's late '60s lyricism.

But Op art doesn't locate itself along the line that connects Bannard and Sullivan — so Poussette-Dart's large color disc is hauled in to suggest that the color line can be bent into a curve and joined where '50s color turns into Poussette-Dart's transcendental pointillism. A theme appears in these curatorial assemblages only to disappear under the scatterbrained pressures exerted by another. The keynote "work" is not so elusive, not so pointlessly open-ended as the rest, but it too has a denial of itself built in: it employs only abstractions, and yet it introduces a show filled with realist paintings.

It will be suggested that one ignore the way the exhibit is presented. This is impossible, unless the viewer is either so naive he doesn't notice the arrangement, or is to some extent in sympathy with the diluted formalism guiding it, in which case he will devise an attitude of accommodation. The trouble with both the naive and the collaborative visions is that they ruin the

capacity to experience individual quality when it appears.

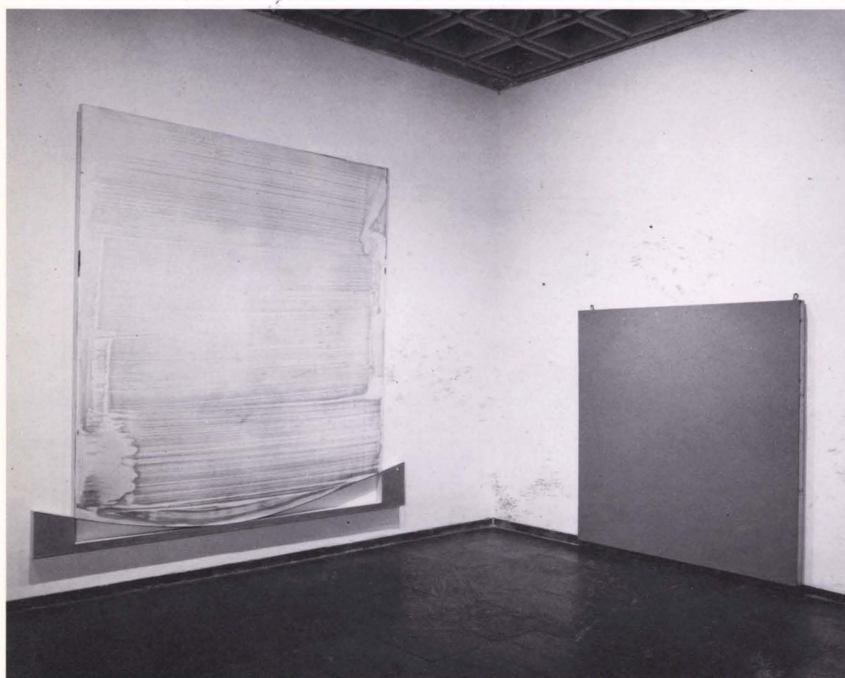
To consider the difficulty in terms directed at the shortcomings of collaborative vision: an art work arrives from a specific context, not from a transcendental realm of formal and historical values. This originating context is not a real space; it is the "intentional space" of reflexively grasped (that is, esthetic) perception which the viewer reconstructs to find a work's individual meaning. This space obviously cannot be duplicated by the literal space of a gallery. At best, the lighting and arrangement of the works leave an opening to it. When an artist has no control over the literal context of his work, as in a group show at a museum, he can only hope that the context will be neutral — that the curators will have no "artistic," transcendentalizing intentions of their own. This, as everybody knows and we've seen in some detail, is not the case at the Whitney Annual. The show is an extravaganza of curatorial "creations."

The grid does get more explicit as one goes from Virginia Barr to Jane Thorne to Kenneth Noland to Richard Diebenkorn — though the logic of this progression should put Noland in the fourth spot. If it's answered that this logic wasn't imposed, then it must be asked why Noland and Diebenkorn are together at all: Noland would be more visible next to Stella, and Diebenkorn next to Okada. The notion of the grid in effect here is so abstract as finally to literalize itself in an extra-artistic game of pattern recognition, which removes these paintings from anything like their own contexts. The appeal is to values higher than the ones informing individual works. This puts a certain mystery on the side of the curators, but it's an appallingly hokey mystery — and it sets the tone of the exhibit.

Al Held's architecture is placed next to William Omwake's soft spangled pattern. Paintings can comment on each other, but not, as here, if they don't speak the same language. Perhaps it's being suggested that they employ variations on the same alphabet. Perhaps not. The fact is, they don't. At any rate, this juxtaposition only makes sense somewhere entirely outside perception; and the younger painter suffers unnecessarily from it. If Stella can't be near Noland, he should be near Harvey Quaytman, who also plays off illusionary space against literal shape — a device which still requires an accurate description, among other things. But Stella is placed between Jasper Johns and Peter Plagens; Quaytman is next to Marvin Brown, who is concerned only with literal shape and the process of creating and clarifying it. Quaytman's balance is upset by Brown's singleness. His piece is all-too-undeniably and literally there. It takes on an aggressiveness which Brown does not intend. The two are crowded into a corner, and this induces the architecture of the building to intrude in its own way.

John Clem Clarke's close-up of brushstrokes

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From left to right: Harvey Quaytman, *Maidan for Halliday's Holiday*; Marvin Brown, *Strickland*.

hangs next to one of Lichtenstein's mirrors. This naturally recalls the latter's brushstrokes, to which Clarke's pay homage. Here is the one acceptable juxtaposition in the show — acceptable because Clarke seems to ask for it, and Lichtenstein doesn't seem to mind. Joe Haske and Frances Barth would never have asked for the placement they've been given. Their paintings are side by side; the different greens in them clash so badly that they're turned into defenses against each other. The separate paintings are obscured. Dissonance alternates with a make-believe cogency: Stella is put next to Plagens because their paintings both show acute angles, and both are tannish in very different ways — one never has to go very far for dissonance.

The more one sees, the more one sees vision obstructed; unless one's vision is naive or collaborative, in which event the show is more acceptable because less visible. I should say: the more the reflexive individual sees, the more he suffers a two-fold alienation; first from works of quality, which are intended as themselves, not as occasions for curatorial thematics; and then from his own experience, the limits to which are set in this show by the self-preservative device of dismissing as trivial what is profound, the perception that art has been arranged here to block perception. The inane, contradictory themes of the curatorial "works" which make up the Annual are not, however, intended simply as the obstacles to perception that they are. They work as distractions from purposes I'll discuss in Part II of this article, where the focus will shift from presentation to selection — to questions of racial and sex quotas; of other, less publicly acknowledged pressures on the curators; and of the curators' relationship to the trustees and to bureaucratic values in general.

But there is still more to say about the look of this show. Its arrangement may trivialize experience, but taxonomic functions can be carried out here just as easily as anywhere else — perhaps more easily. Aside from the expected influx of realist painting, photo- and other, there are the usual number of works by long established painters. They are put in a separate category with its own history and formal "logic." It goes from Norman Bluhm to de Kooning; scattered through both floors of the exhibit, it is a tasteful, if hopelessly distorting, "work" on its own.

There is as much soft stain painting as one would expect — it takes up roughly 20% of the show. There is not quite as much geometric painting. But these categories are blurred and expanded by the one new trend to be seen this year: an emergence of texture, as distinct from shape or pattern, in abstract painting. Perhaps more a tendency than a trend, this development has been showing up in galleries and studios since last spring. Its immediate sources can be seen in Robert Ryman and Brice Marden — not included in the show — and Poons. In part it is no more than a calculated extension of the pos-

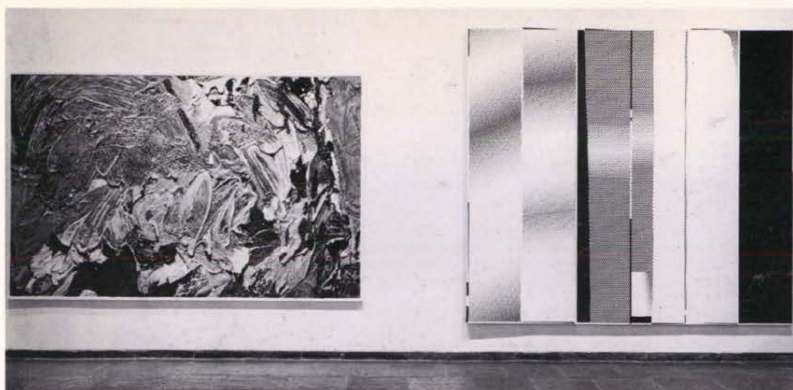


Al Held, *Black Nile III*; William Omwake, *Zax Zealot*.

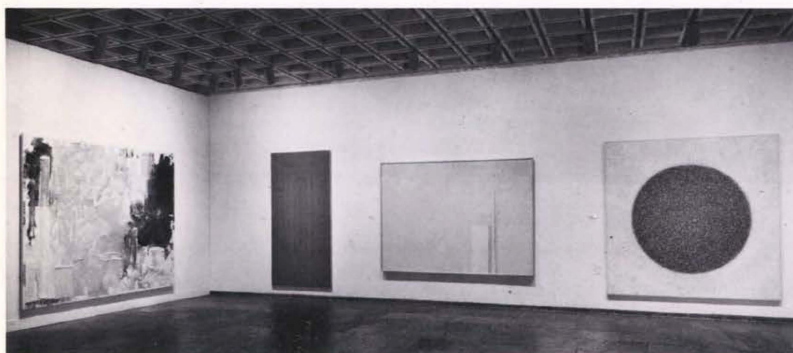
sibilities for the surface inherent in all post-'60s abstraction, "lyrical," tough, and/or fake-'50s. It is an attempt to get something new from the tired resurgence of painterliness; and it is a way to make a painting more objectlike without engaging the "rigors" of Minimalist theory.

This texturing can be a reduction of geometry — see Jack Whitten's scraped, ribbed *Golden Spaces*. It can be roughed-up staining — Edward Scher's *Spectre*, which maintains the shapes of stain painting with negative drawing. Texture can be a general notion of abstract painterliness regularized somewhat — David Budd's *Chih Ming*. It shows an influence beyond abstraction in Malcolm Morley's rougher-than-ever *New York*. The best use of texture is made by Mary Heilmann and Elizabeth Murray, semi-abstractionists whose images arrive (in a minor way) from texture itself, rather than "looking through" texture arbitrarily imposed.

Most of the painters wanting credit for going along with this tendency combine a banal texture



John Clem Clarke, *Abstract Number 19*; Roy Lichtenstein, *Mirror (in 6 Panels) Number 2*.



From left to right: Jim Sullivan, *Kiss on the Eye II*; Richard Anuszkiewicz, *Red Rimmed*; Darby Bannard, *Sullur Queen*; Richard Pousette-Dart, *Presence, Being, Om.*

with a standard concept of geometry or staining, as with Scher and Whitten. The results of these manipulations are of low quality, naturally enough, for they reflect the generalized formal and historical notions which guided the arrangement of the show. Value is suppressed here temporarily when a good painting is badly placed, permanently when the principles behind bad placement are deciphered in advance and internalized. Where a painter has so thoroughly ingratiated himself into this setting, principles of selection and of presentation become identical. Not all the obstructions here — the false thematics and dissonant connections — can be blamed on the curators. Some of them occur, not between paintings, but within them. They are the responsibility of painters who make themselves the artist's equivalent of the viewer with collaborative vision.

Further examples: Ernest Frazier and Guy Williams have found ways to combine geometry and texture; Williams' is a geometric depiction of texture. Blythe Bohnen, Nancy Van Deren, and Howardina Pindell give variously stained-in depictions of texture, Van Deren and Bohnen adding geometrical organization. We return to literal texture with Tony Robbin — who makes it a depiction of Pollock's dripping and Olitski's staining. He also includes staining and geometry. Pat Steir is another who combines all three — texture is depicted here, along with a small flower.

Curatorial and artistic collaboration arrives at its sorry extreme in Brad Davis' *Untitled*, an amalgam of staining, geometry, texturalized painterliness, depicted texture and Pop demonism, this last in an image taken from Nazi iconography and rendered in manner derived, perhaps, from photo-realism. This painting is monstrous in style and imagery, but it ingratiates itself with its setting in such a bumbling way that it ends up looking harmless. Davis is a monster of harmlessness.

The curatorial touch favors bad artists and obscures good ones. Bill Conlon, for example, could be seen in this show as another style and history manipulator. He runs through most of the current options for abstract painting — and his textures are among the most ingenious on view. However, his painting has enough strength, not to defend itself, but at least to recall his last show quite vividly — and to remind one that he did establish his own terms there. A painting can be lost here because it is in accord with the curators' values, or because it is independent of them. Low visibility in this show is not a sign of low quality, though it would be in a show arranged coherently — or randomly. And high visibility is not a sign of high quality here. Tom Wesselmann's *Bedroom Painting Number 25* stands out, but at this point it has the impact of a too familiar, too calculatingly designed piece of furniture. Perhaps, as an unevolved representative Pop art, it is intended by the curators to draw on the sense of history a viewer with naive vision might be expected to command. ■

CARTER RATCLIFF

The enthusiasm with which New York museums supported contemporary art during the '60s met with a certain amount of resentment. This was vaguely expressed in Gene Baro's review of the Museum of Modern Art's "Americans 1963." He complained of the "mystification or obscurantism" of curators and other "experts" bent on imposing their "backroom knowledge."¹ By 1969 it was possible for "Henry's Show" at the Metropolitan ("New York Painting and Sculpture: 1940-1970") to inspire a small, but quite specifically directed, literature of resentment.² The emotion is transformed in Robert Pincus-Witten's review of last year's "Structure of Color," selected for the Whitney by Marcia Tucker. After putting his well-taken objections to her esthetic criteria, Pincus-Witten speculates — with what I think it's correct to say is a feeling of genuine outrage — that they owe their mud-diness to Tucker's "allegiances and fears," her compliance with art-world "pressure centers."³ The responses of critics aside, resentment long since turned to outrage is the least of the emotions that accompany the protests of black and women artists groups.

In the first part of this article I suggested that the false thematics imposed by the arrangement of the current Whitney Annual signify distortions of value which must have operated in the selection of the paintings. The difficulty is that the resentment—or outrage—one feels in making an observation of this sort can never ally itself to provable allegations. Marcia Tucker's answer to Pincus-Witten's review simply claims that his

analysis of her motives is incorrect.⁴ And there, if one leaves matters in the realm where professional roles are defined, the matter must rest — because the critic has no legitimate vehicle for further analysis. My opinion that the Annual shows signs of programmatic impositions is answered by the claim that the curators have no rigid positions; that they are guided by their personal sense of esthetic quality and historical relevance, in short, by their "intuition."⁵ I can insist that curatorial intuition must be programmatic, but this puts me in the position of making statements about the inaccessible.

The outrage of spokesmen for black and women artists is occasioned less by obstacles presented to artistic quality than by the persistence of social barriers. These are disappearing at their ordinary rate, very slowly — but whether art world resentment is generated by bureaucratic caution or by critical objections impossible to vindicate, the feeling remains suspended and adds to an atmosphere already clouded by other factors (chief among them the failure of '60s' style affluence to maintain itself). One could stop here with the statement that the distortion of values in the current Annual is as obvious as it is untraceable to any source. This would be to accept an unresolved situation for what it is, in order to return to issues of individual quality which are the critic's main concern under any circumstance.

But there is more to say about the Whitney Annual, not about its contents, its look, or the curators' "intuitions," rather, about artists' attitudes toward it. These are divided. Certain artists welcome the Annual, finding its implied

values either acceptable or not significantly burdensome. Others focus on the show their feeling that the machinery of the art world is wearing out under the stress of contradictions built into it. They feel that the conflict between individual and institutional values cannot be reconciled and, furthermore, that the latter are gaining the upper hand. For these artists the Whitney has become a standard symbol of corruption. It is seen as a primary source of the manipulation and exploitation of art. This view does more to set the current tone of the art world than its cheerful opposite. It is pessimistic, even alienated.

One can begin with a look at the perennial misunderstanding of the role of explicating critics who, as Lucy Lippard puts it, are "immersed in the art underworld, and know all the prevalent attitudes, events, relevancies, and irrelevancies."⁶ I don't intend to take issue with Lippard, only to point out a distortion of her ideas which is pervasive enough to be considered a "relevancy." It is the notion that for *chronologically new* art to be significant — that is, *esthetically new* — it need only elaborate the "prevalent attitudes, events, etc.," that have currency when an artist launches his career. This distortion has its deepest effects in younger artists' conceptions of themselves, not in critical writing, political agitation, or curatorial policy. Lippard's image of the critic as a figure in the "art underworld" is expanded to a hierarchy with the new artist at the top, the audience below, and the critic in between, more credible the closer his explications bring him to the artist. Curators and other art world power figures are not part of the audience, but they are not close to the artist either. They are the exploitive mediaries between artist and audience. A very slight twist is required to transform this hierarchy into a Manichean structure: advanced artists and those who define them as advanced are good; everyone else is bad, through ignorance chiefly, but more actively in the case of curators who use their powers to exploit the good. This Manicheism expresses itself for the most part in esthetic terms, but it is fundamentally a moral stance. Hence the Whitney's role as a symbol of corruption. Other museums and certain galleries play similar roles, but I'll continue to concentrate on the Whitney because its Annual puts these issues in the sharpest focus.

It will be seen that art world institutions are not only held culpable, but inherently and *uniquely* culpable. This polarized view is based on a confusion of individual and institutional values which no museum has the power to correct. The Whitney is a bureaucracy, small, very specialized, but still defined by thoroughly bureaucratic values. The first of these is survival: the institution must always be concerned with the future, not the present; and the future must be conceived in terms that place the institution at the center of it. This means that the exhibits at

THE WHITNEY ANNUAL PART II

**"... the Whitney's role as
a symbol of corruption."**



the Whitney never challenge its role as dispenser of cultural acceptance and certification. The Annuals never run counter to each other; that is, the criteria employed in selection this year are designed so that they can lead to the criteria employed next year with a minimum of adjustment in the museum's internal structure and its public image. It's obvious that the values enforced are generalized and, in details, dispensable — which is to say, quite different from the specific values to which an artist might be firmly committed.

But a cultural institution must have a cultural purpose if its survival is to be encouraged by the public. The Whitney's stated purpose is the same as any museum's: to present the public with art works of high esthetic value. More realistically, its purpose is to stabilize esthetic value; or, insofar as it presents contemporary art, to regulate the change those values inevitably undergo. This regulation requires the same generalized criteria of selection essential to the museum's survival. By imposing them it helps insure its own future and it gains the gratitude of a public too distant from new art to be able to care much about individual quality. The Whitney gains a trustee's support because it provides him with the sociocultural equivalent of solid, widely negotiable financial credit. And, if he is an active participant in the art world, his trusteeship can augment his financial position as well.⁷

These bureaucratic considerations define the Whitney's relation to art. It's fair to assume that the "intuition" a curator turns to in the selection of works for an Annual takes this relation into full account. James Monte, Marcia Tucker, and Robert Doty are the curators in question. They cannot be faulted for a lack of familiarity with new painting. They have visited numerous studios and galleries in New York; they have traveled extensively outside the city; they have examined over two thousand sets of slides from all parts of the country. From the point of view of the Whitney's survival and its service to the public, the selections they have made from this flood of new work must be seen as expert: the current Annual is the careful, well-considered result of an accommodation of artists' demands to the requirements of the institution. Changing values in new art are well regulated here, all the more so in that regulatory style permits an aura of responsibility to generalized (that is, generally palatable) formal and historical values.

Furthermore, the Whitney curators are concerned to give younger artists as much exposure and support as is compatible with the institution's values. This works out to quite a lot of exposure and more support than any other New York museum provides. Naturally the curators are manipulative in pursuing their aims: bureaucrats always are. But art can be affected by this manipulation only insofar as it is a commodity,

the foundation of an artist's social and economic position. The quality of his art cannot be touched by a museum's acceptance or neglect. This is obvious though its implications are rarely followed.

Quality in art is ultimately a moral issue, and the outrage which leads to art world Manicheism is moral outrage. When artists — both accepted and neglected — see that the selection and arrangement of an Annual fails to provide a convincing certification of high esthetic — and moral — quality, then the institution is judged to be the repository of all that is bad. It is condemned for withholding from the artist an acceptance which only he can accord himself. What is overlooked is the fact that — given its nature and its need to survive — the museum *must* attempt to regulate innovation that the individual (if he is more than a careerist) wants to put far beyond regulation. It is artists who need institutional certification for individual achievement who are in bad faith, not curators who grant or withhold it. It is widely felt that if the Whitney were "more open, fairer, more innovative" it might reach a level where individual and institutional values could be reconciled. This is an irresponsible Utopian notion.

In all the vague, poorly-focused resentment felt toward the Annual, there is one clear-cut issue: the refusal to abandon the distinction between painting and sculpture. This, from a bureaucratic viewpoint, is a mistake. It shows a startling lack of finesse, an inability to respond to Conceptualism, earthworks, body art, and other developments which it is the institution's function to regulate. From the point of view of artistic quality, this refusal is irrelevant. The Whitney Annual is a bureaucratic structure. Whether it is up-to-date or backward, whether it permits some good works to be seen or only a very few, it will always be at perfectly natural odds with individual achievement in any medium.

The Whitney Annual is sometimes called welfare for the artist. Those who are just beginning their careers have a right to object to this, but — unlike certain members of deprived minorities — an artist cannot be forced to accept welfare. If he does, or even if he aspires to do so, he announces his desire for art world status, for complicity, if you like, with the art world machine. He exposes himself to the danger of exploitation. (One often hears an expression of sentimental regret for the period when New York artists were not "tempted by success.") And, whether he knows it or not, he accepts the challenge of sorting out his values from those of the museums and galleries. The responsibility for taking on these risks and challenges is large. Art world Manicheism puts it all on institutions like the Whitney. But it is naive, even childish, to expect museums to be other than manipulative in their dealings with individual artists. It is

equally childish to define them as evil — as uniquely responsible for art world corruption — on the grounds that they carry out social functions widely accepted by ordinary people outside the art world. Definitions in that style lead to an expanded Manicheism which condemns everything reluctant to provide the individual with constant, all-enveloping support.

The Whitney Museum is a regulative agency, operating in the private sphere far more effectively than a government agency could unless it had the power of outright censorship. It is by definition unconcerned with individual quality — though it is relatively helpful to individual careers. Women's groups are to be congratulated for the gains they have made — there are more women than ever in this year's Annual — but it must be understood that these are sociopolitical, not artistic gains. And certain artists are to be admired in a way for their skill in turning institutional manipulation to their own advantage, but this doesn't entail any admiration for their art. Works of quality have been included this year, inevitably, but they can only be seen apart from questions of curatorial decision-making — for those questions never touch directly on esthetic value. If the process of selecting works becomes "fairer, more open," this will only mean that the curators have found ways to impose their own values with more finesse.

I've been directing my remarks toward art insofar as it reflects current confusions. Older artists who continue to be seen have gotten past these difficulties in one of two ways. Either they manage to produce significant work and show it without internalizing any of the values of the institutions with which they deal (Jasper Johns and Roy Lichtenstein provide valuable models here), or they have gone over completely to the institution's side, continuing to show on the basis of curatorial certifications they have received. I understand, as everybody does, the importance of museum exposure for a young artist. I'm arguing that its importance is for his career, for his tenure in the art world, not for the quality of his work. And I'm arguing that museum exploitation can only affect his own "institutional" side, his art world status, not his individual condition. It's possible for these distinctions to be actively and effectively understood. If they are not, misplaced resentments develop which produce a clouded atmosphere in the art world and, more importantly, bad art. ■

1. Gene Baro, "A Gathering of Americans," *Arts Magazine*, September, 1963, p. 28.
2. For a sampling of this literature see "The Metropolitan Museum, 1870-1970-2001: An Inquiry," *Artnews*, January, 1970; also Philip Leider, "Modern American Art at the Metropolitan," *Artforum*, December, 1969.
3. Robert Pincus-Witten, "New York," *Artforum*, April, 1971, p. 74.
4. Marcia Tucker, "Letters," *Artforum*, June, 1971, p. 10.
5. From a conversation with James Monte, March 16, 1972.
6. Lucy Lippard, "Change and Criticism: Consistency and Small Minds," *Changing: Essays in Art Criticism*, New York, 1971, p. 25; reprinted from *Art International*, November, 1967.
7. For a serious account of these issues see Dr. Avram Kampf, "What Ails the Jewish Museum?" *Judaism*, Summer, 1968; reprinted in an abridged version in *The Jewish Digest*, April, 1969.